

+ Frauncis new ligge, betweene Frauncis a Gentleman, and Richard a Farmer. To the tune of *Walsingham*.



Besse.

A S I went to Walsingham,
to the shrine with speed,
Met I with a iolly Palmer,
in a Pilgrims weede.

Now God you saue you iolly Palmer.

Fran. Welcome Lady gay,

Oft haue I sued to thee for loue.

B. Oft haue I said you nay.

F. My loue is fixed. B. And so is mine,
but not on you:

For to my husband whilst I liue,
I will euer be true.

F. He giue thee gold and rich array.

B. Which I shall buy too deare.

F. Fought shalt thou want: then say not nay.

B. Fought would you make mee I feare.

What though you be a Gentleman,
and haue lands great store:

I will be chaste doe what you can,
though I liue ne're so poore.

F. Thy beauty rare hath wounded mee,
and pierst my heart.

B. Your foolish loue doth trouble mee,
pray you Sir depart.

F. Then tel mee sweet wilt thou consent
vnto my desire:

B. And if I should, then tel me Sir,
what is it you require?

F. For to inioy thee as my loue.

B. Sir you haue a wife:

Therefore let your suite haue an end.

F. First will I lose my life.

All that I haue thou shalt command.

B. Then my loue you haue.

F. Your meaning I well vnderstand.

B. I perris to what you craue.

F. But tel mee sweet when shall I enioy
my hearts delight.

B. I prethee sweete heart be not coy,
euen some at night.



My husband is rid ten miles from
money to receiue: (home,

In the euenting see you come.

F. Till then I take my leane. (Exit:

B. Thus haue I rid my hands full
of my amorous loue, (well
And my sweet husband wil I tell,
how hee doth me moue.

Enter Richard Besses husband. To
the tune of the Iewish dance.

Rich. Hey doune a doune,
hey doune, a doune a doune,
There is neuer a lusty Farmer,
in all our towne:

That hath more cause,
to lead a merry life,

Then I that am married
to an honest faithfull wife.

B. I thanke you gentle husband,
you praise mee to my face.

R. I cry thee mercy, Bessie,
I knew thee not in place.

B. Beleue me gentle husband,
if you knew as much as I,
The words that you haue spoken,
you quickly would deny:

For since you went from home,
A sutor I haue had,

Who is so farre in loue with mee,
that he is almost madde.

Hee giue me gold and siluer store,
and money for to spend,
And I haue promis'd him therefore,
to be his louing friend.

R. Beleue me, gentle wife,
but this makes mee to frowne,
There is no gentleman nor knight,
nor Lord of high renowne:

That shall enioy thy loue, gyfle,
though he were ne're so good:
Before he wrong my Bessie so,

He spend on him my blood.

And therefore tell me who it is
that doth desire thy loue.

B. Our neighbour master Francis,
that often did me moue.

To him I gaue consent,
his mind for to fulfill,
And promis'd him this night,
that he should haue his will:
Say doe not frowne, good Dickie,
but heare me speake my minde:
For thou shalt see He warrant thee,
He vse him in his kind.
For vnto thee I will be true,
so long as I doe liue,
He neuer change thee for a new,
nor once my mind so giue.

Goe you to mistresse Francis,
and this to her declare:

And will her with all speed,
to my house to repaire:

Where shee and he deuise
some pretty knauish wile:

For I haue layd the plot,
her husband to beguile.

Make hast I pray and tarry not,
for long he will not stay.

R. Feare not, he tell her such a tale,
shall make her come away.

B. Now Bessie bethinke thee,
what thou hast to doe.

Thy louer will come presently,
and hardly will he woo:

I will teach my Gentleman,
a tricke that he may know,
I am too craftie and too wise,
to be oze-reached so:

But here he comes now: not a word,
but fall to worke againe. She sowes

F. How now sweetheart, at worke so hard?

B. I sir, I must take paines.

F. But say, my lovely sweeting,
thy promise wilt thou keepe?

Shall I enioy thy loue,
this night with me to sleepe?

B. My husband rid from home,
beere safely may you stay.

F. And I haue made my wife beleue,
I rid another way.

B. Goe in good sir, what ere betide,
this night and lodge with mee.

F. The happiest night that euer I had,
thy friend still will I bee.

Enter Mistris Francis with Richard. To
the tune of *Bugle Boe*.

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The Second part of *Attowels* new ligge. To the tune of as I went to *Walsingham*.

W I thanke you neighbour Richard,
for bringing me this newes:

R. I say, thanke my wife that loues me so,
and will not you abuse.

W. But see whereas shee stands,
and waiteth our return.

R. You must goe coole your husbands heate,
that so in loue doth burne.

B. Now Dickie welcome home,
and Distris welcome hither:

Giue not although you finde
your husband and I together.

For you shall haue your right,
nor will I wrong you so:

Then change apparrell with me straight,
and vnto him doe goe.

W. For this your kind goodwill,
a thousand thanks I giue:

And make account I will requite
this kindnesse, if I liue.

B. I hope it shall not need,
Dick will not serue me so:

I know he loues me not so ill,
a ranging so to goe.

R. No faith, my lonely Wesse,
first will I lose my life:

Before Ie breake my wedlock bonds,
or seeke to wrong my wife.

Now thinks good Master Francis,
he hath thee in his bed:

And makes account he is grafting
of hoznes vpon my head.

But softly stand aside,
now shall wee know his minde,
And how hee would haue vled thee,
if thou hadst beene so kind.

Enter Master Francis with his owne wife,
hauing a maske before her face, supposing
her to be Wesse.

To the tune of goe from my window.

F. Farewell my ioy and hearts delight,
til next wee meete againe:

Thy kindnes to requite, for lodging me al night,
heeres ten pound for thy paine:

And more to shew my loue to thee,
weare this ring for my sake.

W. Without your gold or fee you shal haue more
F. No doubt of that I make. (of mee.)

W. Then let your loue continue still.

F. It shall til life both end.

W. Your wife I greatly feare. **F.** for her thou
so I remaine thy freind. (needst not care.)

W. But youle suspect me without cause,
that I am false to you:

And then youle cast mee off, and make mee but a
since that I proue vntreue. (scotte,

F. Then neuer trust man for my sake,
if I proue so vnkind: (bozne,

So often haue you sworn, sir, since that you were
and soone haue changde your minde.

For wife nor life, nor goods nor lands,
shall make me leaue my loue.

For any worldly treasure make me forgoe my
nor once my mind remoue. (pleasure,

W. But soft a while, who is ponder: doe you see
my husband: out alas.

F. And ponder is my wife, now that we haue alife
how cometh this to passe:

R. Com hither gentle Wesse I charge thee do con-
what makes Master Francis heere. (felle

B. Good husband pardon me, Ie tel the troth to

R. Then speake and doe not feare. (thee.

F. Say, neighbour Richard harke to mee,
Ie tel the troth to you.

W. Say tell it vnto me, good sir, that I may see,
what you haue here to doe.

But you can make no scuse to colour this abuse,
this wrong is too great.

R. Good sir I take great scoyne you should prouer

W. Now must I coole this heate. (me the hozne

F. Say neighbour Richard be content,
thou hast no wrong at all:

Thy wife hath done thee right, and pleasurde me

F. This frets mee to the gall. (this night.

God wife forgiue me this offence,
I doe repent mine ill.

W. I thank you with mine hart, for playing this
though soze against your will. (kind part,

Say gentle husband frowne not so,
for you haue made amends:

I thinke it is good gaine, to haue ten pound for
then let vs both be friends. (my paine:

F. Ashamed I am and know not what to say,
god wife forgiue this crime:

Alasse I doe repent. **W.** Tut I could be content,
to be serued so many a time.

F. Good neighbour Richard be content,
Ie woo thy wife no more:

I haue enough of this. **W.** Then all forgiuen is,
I thanke thee Dick therfore.

And to thy wife Ie giue this gold,
I hope youle not say no:

Since I haue had the pleasure, let her enioy the
F. God wife let it be so. (treasure.

B. I thank you gentle Distris. **R.** Faith & so do I.
Ie learne your olone wife to know:

And shote not in the darke, for feare you mis the
B. He hath paid for this I trove. (marke.

All women learn of me. **F.** All men by me take
how you a woman trust. (heed

W. Say women trust no men. **F.** And if they do:
W. Ther's few of them proue iust. (how then?

Farewell neighbour Richard, farewell honest
I hope wee are all friends. (Wesse

W. And if you stay at home, and vse not thus to
heere all our quarrell ends. (come,

F I N I S. George Arrowell.

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